

# Musings on Ars Poetica



***Poetic Reflections on the  
Poet and Poetry in Verse***

**Bill F. Ndi**

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# MAP

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Poetic Reflections on the Poet and Poetry in Verse

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Bill F. Ndi



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## **Dedication**

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To my Late Father, Stephen Fohndung NDI and to my Late Maternal Grandmother, Lydia Liba'ah. These two wonderful beings both shaped my visions of the world in many ways and still serve as my muse to the practise of this wonderful art. They are never far away!

**Bill F. NDI**



## **Author's Note**

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When I set out writing poetry while in high school, my goal was just to write for my fellow classmates. That was my target audience. Not quite ambitious. However it extended to the Cameroonian audience and African audience and the globe trotting me imposed a target not limited in scope: geographical, political, economical, social, racial or linguistic. This last mention will obviously have monolinguals laughing or smirking wondering how poems written in English could target any audience, French or Hispanic. And the poet responds with his enjoyment of Cuban music without any understanding of Spanish as well as his enjoyment of Mozart without any knowledge of German. The magic of poetry and that of music is as complex and simple as life in itself and when humans stop complicating it for themselves so does poetry like life become everybody's domain. It is the domain of the universe inspired by it and produced for all in the universe.

Most of the poems in this collection were originally intended for different collections in which they still maintain their places. The thought of putting this collection together was actually born of a discussion with one of my students, a poetry enthusiast by name Caroline Hoang Minh Phuc who after reading "The Way To Go" approached me with a series of questions on the roles and functions of a poet and his art as was in the past and is in the present. I thought a brilliant way to answer her question as well as the questions many a poetry lover would ask even after reading Wordsworth and Coleridge, was to put together poems I have written on this subject, with an eventual intention of collecting poems from other writers in the same vein. However, scavenging through my works I found what now constitute *Musings on Ars Poetica: Reflections on Poets and Poetry in Verse*.

As a practising poet, my vision of the poet, his art, be them of the past, i.e. my predecessors' and/or those of future poets, constitute the essential ingredients of the reflections in this collection I would like to sum in these lines below:

*My soul in this work as a poet I place  
And hope in your hearts it does find a place  
Minds of poets my portrayal  
With hopes none sees betrayal  
On the highway to the poet's psyche  
In his journey through societal psyche.*

My contention here is that the poet has the rare gift of slipping into the self and psyche of his society to empty the dark depths where the treasures of burden and sadness are hidden. He empties and exposes to the world to see even personal repression of feelings by far outweighs those imposed throughout History by tyrants. It is above all, his greatest task of filling these depths with the joys and expectations of the society. This objective stance by the poet places him above the fanatic whose subjectivity pushes the world adrift and makes of the poet a universal man of peace.

Poetry is and should be an outlet to document personal/universal convictions, experiences and observations no matter how controversial or taboo they may be, most especially in the face of great wrong, unfairness and brutality. Take pleasure riding on this straight and crooked road.

**Bill F. NDI**

## **Acknowledgement**

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The author would like to seize this opportunity to express from the depth of his heart, sincere gratitude to all those whose moral and/or material support did somehow warrant the present work to see the light. I would like to start with she who is dearest to me, Dr Yaya Fonye Odette NDI, my German twin brother, Uwe Terton and family, Dr Uche Menakaya and family. Special thanks to Mohamed Ali for his passion and love for poetry. I can't forget him coming to my office everyday, after hours for a reading and appreciation session. The list of those to thank is long and inexhaustible for many people had me positively in the prayers. And to them all I say, Thank you all!

**Bill F. NDI**





## **The Way To Go**

Parents envisioned education  
And told us  
They saw him home coming with the best dividend  
And dreamily still we did  
Ope our ears wide  
Like antelopes theirs when danger sensed,  
Hoping schooling issues bread winning ticket!

So we started up with education  
So did we realise writing  
Could be the ticket itself  
And to writing we took

## **What We Do,**

## **What They Do**

Holding onto nothing  
Watching the state falling  
In a bottomless pit  
To the brim filled with shit  
Tricking the poor they choose  
For they're the golden goose  
To slave and fetch their gold  
That will project them bold  
To those that espouse wealth  
The sole backer of health.

Holding on to poetry  
Looking at a country  
So shattered, in a world  
Shattered that not a word  
Can trick her together  
Choose wisdom and gather  
The pieces to make a belle  
And invite a wedding bell  
From them that in poetry  
See a pack of misery.

## **Consistency**

Poets' longing is not contradiction free  
Nor is their art from novel uses free!  
Someday somewhere, if you see a poetic scape  
Of these void, gladly I'd show you an escape  
Rivers use to flow back to their sources  
And have carts pull their horses  
And would even be stunned to see a show  
One of an active peaceful volcano.

## **Some of the Best**

They must be some of the best  
And would be proved the deadliest  
For atop the pyramid they're sharp  
Pointing edge of the spear of mishap

Afoot pyramid we the brunt bear  
Hoping a common front shall them tear  
Were our foundations not for this strong  
We'd for shit-o-crazy sing a song

A song we would not from our lips  
Come this danger to minds like slips  
To them that themselves the best see  
We must not weaken our tsunami.

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To them that themselves the best see  
We must not weaken our tsunami.

## **Talking and Hearing**

Far from my talking  
None but my hearing  
Does beat the drum  
Sound bomb, the bump!  
Sticking in the heart  
Of this power drunkard  
Yet, caressing those of my kind  
Dying for the drunk to be kind  
Listen and listen to my hearing!  
Ignore and ignore their lordly ring.

## **Eee After Vee**

Free yourself from evil  
Displace eee after vee  
And expect not in your platter veal  
But a shroud around you, a veil  
Holier than thou  
You would not doubt  
The eee outside veil  
Brings in the devil  
Either way  
That's the sway  
Vile  
Evil  
Prick him with eee in  
Peace you'd know within  
The thorny face of the universe  
Long abandoned in poets' unique verse.

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Peace you'd know within  
The thorny face of the universe  
Long abandoned in poets' unique verse.

## **Poets' Pen Prick**

The poet gets up in the morning  
Without blanket, mourning  
The sweet, sweet dreams of last knight  
Whose apparel braved the night  
Mare above him did linger  
Asking he points a finger  
At monsters finding pleasure  
Depleting human treasure  
With the finger he should a pen pick  
With which pen our hearts he should prick  
Then up we shall sit and see unveil  
Before our eyes devils we did hail;  
To the poet's pen prick, respond, respond  
And in your world like fish in a pond  
Without strain swim, swim, swim  
Not 'twixt sea and imp swing  
But to single freedom fly  
And baby-like in a cod lie.

## **Big Bags With Lust Full**

With truths full  
Poets aren't fools  
Were they to tell you you were beautiful  
In them you will see big bags with lust full  
With no sense of striving to be wealthy  
With ink to scribble these words of beauty  
The risk they take as they would with shit  
Smear and drag horrid creed down a pit  
Cleansing our world with their pen  
And like Daniel in the den  
Of lions who thirst after street man's flesh,  
Scrape skies and lick arses all afresh  
Longing for plebeians to lick their boots  
Turning eyes blind as they carry loots;  
Blind, poets won't be blind  
With Milton will dine  
On bread crumbs blindness has in hearts' eyes  
That'll look at frozen hearts and melt ice  
Big bags with lust full  
Poets would were not fools.



## **Sharp Thorny Pen**

Transforming my pen into a thorn  
    I pricked the paper hard  
And it squirmed and squirmed hard  
    For all to find the magic horn

Magic horn  
Magic horn  
Let flow the tune of life  
Let flow the food of life

Show how we do dance of the soul  
Show how we make gift to the dole

Visa a check to the bad mate  
Visa the dirge to come on skate  
Sharp thorny pen hit really hard  
Till we see the fall of the old lad

Fall on the spot  
Making lives sport  
When the dirge shows up on a skate  
So he can see what it means: hate...!

## **Tend to the King's Ear**

The place was Frankston  
On two occasions  
The trail was Baxter  
The songbird, butcher  
Would chop my ear  
And reckon I hear  
What on earth I don't know  
And I quest if he does know

Our kings need theirs pulled  
So they can help pull

Us out of this quagmire  
One in which we perspire  
And I ask why on earth  
He should my ear unearth  
When in this mire the brunt of thorns we bear  
With a monarch forcing this smile we wear  
To tell the world his smelly shit's of perfume made  
And the world I implore to have this in state laid  
So, go pull the king's ear butcher bird  
For him to hear babies cry at birth.

## **Put not Asunder**

In this nation, so divided  
Why should we be separated?

Were poets' mission to put asunder  
Then together we won't gather  
Here under this old baobab tree  
Allowing us all to freely sing for free.

Its thornless bark  
Attracts no bark  
And on him we gladly lean  
Letting our joys to be seen  
Big old baobab tree  
Needing no count to three

For joys to explode like flames  
Surprising kings in their games  
Burning and burning our health  
In their raging madness for wealth...!

## **My Clean Hands**

Give me our king to kill  
I'd just take him up hill  
From where he could see  
The crown of misery  
He has birthed all his reign  
Washing our hopes down the drain  
Much more like him  
Monster from film  
Not my hands, I won't dip in blood  
Would his conscience through his tears wrought  
The flood to sweep him and his away  
To keep our thorny misery at bay

## **Back to Sender**

Baldhead beheaded  
Walking barefooted

On a thorn did step  
Looked round and the day cursed

A pat on his back said  
“Not the day but the king  
“He is far from being dead  
“And in your pain has a fling  
“Orgasmic throes throw him  
“And with joy he does beam.  
“So show the crazy bald head  
“The sick he has infected  
“If he won’t come out of his mansion  
“Naked the ills outside that mansion.”  
Beheaded baldhead went forward  
Singing “Coward”  
And the king stepped backward  
Screaming “reward”

## **Frail and Strong**

Poor little Anglophone, gleefully sing a song  
How mad brother francophone won't see you bone strong  
Fear not to deride that unfriendly thorn  
He on your crawling path put when you're born  
Now seen from head to toe  
As always he won't slow  
His mad spree of power hunger  
Sing your song, let it last longer  
Aspire not after his deeds  
Turn treasure page off misdeeds.  
That will make a sane mind  
Benefit humankind  
Frail Anglophone strong  
Sugary strong each thong  
In their dream would want to kiss  
Just as this same day  
Recalling mayday  
The nation showers with bliss

## Bangolan Question

Before they brought us their school  
Ghana had the Golden Stool  
In their school they pointed towards Greece  
Reducing us to what they did please  
Telling us of the wild beasts,  
Our ancestors with the least  
Worry being the love for wisdom  
Waiting to hear of a Greek kingdom  
They never in mind had but were happy  
Not without their own philosophy  
As my father told me of his father  
Who named my late uncle *Mundaka*?  
A question in Bangolan  
That for years did serve as scan  
To rid the country of its thorns  
And provide the nation with corns  
With ucopia  
Not utopia.

Mundaka translates "What have I done?"  
Not the flat western "What have I done?"  
But that which seeks to answer why  
Spears, arrows and thorns seek not the sky  
But fly after human hearts  
In need of shields against darts  
From nature and from our headmen  
Worse than the goads of herdsmen  
On the cows falling herding them down stream  
As our headmen would rather see us scream  
With their new song of Globalisation  
Forgetting we would ours on compassion  
As they their agenda make political  
We of our agenda do make ethical  
Ours and theirs might not be close  
But fairness by the right dose  
Forebears had in that primitive village  
Not the global resounding with pillage.

## **Not Sweets**

On my backward journey  
Counting after forty  
I try not to think  
Of the thorns that pricked  
And still do prick me  
But would to be free  
Fight  
&  
Fight  
Like a cactus in the heart of a desert  
Telling everyone it is not a dessert;  
Easy food  
From fast food  
To be swallowed fast  
By these crude outcasts  
Seeing in their fellow humans sweets  
Neither humans nor state are sweets.



## **Thorny Forebear**

Nat Hawthorn his forbear  
Did thread nakedly bare

Courage to be greeted from a seer  
Were he not, he'd have embraced the rear  
And savoured the thorn his forbear was  
In the flesh of peace loving Quakers  
Misdeed he called the witch hunt  
At home witches we don't hunt  
The royalty run the show,  
At will will make rivers flow  
Yet, at will would hoard our wants  
And mute we'd be not, let's chant!

Ants

Chant  
To see the thorn out  
And all thorns wiped out.

## **Thinking of High (Rivalry)**

When we will have been dead and gone  
Those who in us did see a thorn  
Will sit back not without a sigh  
Though they had thoughts they would be high  
With us gone with their gun salute  
Now they long for the music flute  
Like dross once treated and berated  
In our tombs from cries liberated  
In their joys incarcerated  
We would their larynx vibrated  
With the music of regret  
Far from a cattle egret  
Pecking on the arse  
Keeping clean our cows  
Let herdsman remember  
This family member  
With cow and egret  
There is no regret  
For life moves on  
With daily pun.

## **Of the Good Shepherd**

A slap on the face loose  
Look at the span  
Think while you can  
Before becoming shoes  
For Alzheimer  
Or dementia  
To slip into you  
And having you  
Think not of the thorn  
He does make you borne  
You for his feet his shoes  
Him for your head the booze  
You who with words would slit  
His throat, make of him shit  
Now, you must think and leave a trace  
A trace to graze the thought you raze  
Wondering what pricked the head  
We once viewed as good shepherd  
Before handing him the goad  
With which he treats us as goats.

## **No Cheating Lane**

Gnashing their teeth  
Seeing all the filth  
Behind left by the King  
Angry clouds did one thing

Spewing on poets roof  
Hail as palpable proof  
To the music drummed as they fall  
For poets to bring down the big wall

Behind which like lions' mane  
Kings would stray off the lane  
By ignoring we defined it  
Lane on which none should cheat

And if done  
Would strike dawn  
For poets to drive home this music  
That like hawthorn does prick the sick

Their conscience purified  
With none left petrified  
Angry clouds gnash your teeth  
For us to the sword sheathe

And spare ourselves these beings  
Whose presence trouble rings  
With just the wrath of your hail  
We look up to for our bail.

## **Just The Bun King**

Ask our rulers to run  
Not towards us  
Miles away with their thorn  
They would make pus  
They in their high office  
Use against the masses

Their stomachs with quininegar full  
Touch they've lost with being thoughtful  
With that base drum size tummy  
Sightless to see their mummy  
When greeted by the welcomed hand  
Shake from death that will on them land

With our cheers from high office they should run  
Not only at the sound blasts of a gun  
Applauded by the silence of thunder  
Transporting with them the strange danger  
With which rulers glory to see distress  
Leaving just deflation as choice to press.

## **One & Only Number One**

Cry we must not to say were in pain  
Our towns our tears must not flood in vain  
Laugh we cannot to say we are happy  
Of our towns your laugh shan't make a mockery

You are number one to stick out like a thorn  
On a rose or the horn on a unicorn  
Which as children we did fancy  
From storey building books at sea

Look around and read on faces  
Soreness the billboard fun graces  
Sunset stretching unend agony  
Into the night we don't find funny

Laugh we cannot to say we are happy  
Of our towns your laugh shan't make a mockery  
Cry we must not to say were in pain  
Our towns our tears must not flood in vain

Claiming you are father of this nation  
Do that which will invite an ovation  
With smiles on faces retrieving lost bliss  
You buried silencing anything hiss

Cry we must not to say were in pain  
Our towns our tears must not flood in vain  
Laugh we cannot to say we are happy  
Of our towns your laugh shan't make a mockery

Giving our nation a kiss on the lip  
To leaving her with badly broken hip  
You would we cried out our brain  
For you leaving us in pain

## **Steel Sensitive**

When society hurts so does a poet  
Far from the truth with our crazy baldhead  
With us at joy sad is crazy baldhead  
This does not hold true for a mad poet

Who in his death is steel sensitive  
When by the world treated as illusive  
For being so touched seeing others touched  
By this elf joying at the world scotched

Making plain poets true love for words  
Scolding elf's hate stroke without words;  
The battle twixt sword and pen  
The poet does his resharpen

To stick in the flesh of the sword  
Sharp to slay man matching not word  
The penman would use to caress Hearts  
The sword holding man would shoot with darts.

## **Boy/Speaker**

In this house  
Is a mouse!

That's true!  
That's true!

Speaker!  
Speaker!

I wish to know just one thing!  
Can you tell me such a thing?

Yes Boy!  
Yes Boy!

How wicked is our crown?  
And why don't you frown?

He is the devil's incarnate!  
That says why we can't demonstrate  
For he holds a big grenade  
That is not pomegranate.

What will happen if you did?

Our thorny crown will prick deep!

Isn't this reason to be our saviour?

You're Right! He'd make me his gardens manure!



## **The Journey**

Writers might start off poor  
Poor they are not, they pour  
Their wealth in the heart of Art  
Rich in beauty touching hearts

Writers wont money choose  
To happiness refuse  
By preference for money  
Thorn pricking happy story

Man and woman the world may tell  
With the conviction of Bill Tell  
Who in this cradle love found  
To his enemies dumbfound

Writers crave the world of old  
Not the human world of gold  
Calling their world primitive  
In theirs that is deceptive.

## **Dream On! We'll Be Loyal**

Speaking ex-cathedra

Our lords would beat us loyal  
We only laugh at their dreams  
Not until truth our ships breams  
Our loyalty to end their royalty  
Will beat its drum of sincerity  
Just as we would beat our drums torn  
When lords for their lies become thorns  
If not, let them dream we'll be loyal  
We won't yield showing their betrayal  
For when we did enthrone them, all they pledged  
Stood miles away from lies they swore to dredge  
And today their dreams to coerce  
We would transport in their hearse  
And would stir shit to rock their thrones  
With no chance of them birthing clones.

## **Ring Till They Fly**

They do prick us with their thorns  
We shame them by blowing horns  
Now they are wringing us dry  
Our bells must ring till they fly  
With their cruise they pull a stunt  
With our spears we shall them hunt  
The art to tongue twist they have learned  
As for long freedom we have yearned

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And when they shall stop their tongue  
The gates of their forts we'll throng  
If they do not change their stance  
Then we must hug resistance  
Till their show comes to the end  
For we're straight and must not bend  
It is our planetary tapestry  
Not just on it they sit on the tree  
Lovely tree cleanse our world of emission  
They make their sole polluting contribution  
Not just to atmosphere  
But so our art must not fare  
And our bells shall only stop ringing  
When our freedom they shall sop hoarding  
If not ring and ring till they fly  
Duty to which the must comply.

## **Spiky Hirsute**

Short not of ink  
Without a drink  
Saying no words  
Cursing the lords  
Spiky hirsute  
Lords the poets' suit  
Do describe to shun  
Poets from having fun  
In their world compelled  
Which beggars repel  
With thanks to their kin

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Exposing their spin.

## **Change II**

Poets love, adore and cherish change  
The junky in the streets would he had some change  
So is it for the punk  
As well as with the drunk  
These poor souls would never see its sunrise  
And the poet calling for one pays the price  
For any such call  
Standing him above the head tall;  
Yet, change the throne would die for  
Change the holy ground would it had four  
If poets and people in the streets  
See it far from anything coins and sheets  
The throne and the mitre would embrace it in their pocket  
To wield might and shoot like a rocket.  
Toeing political lines one dreamer dreamt of this  
And in the streets, all identified as his  
For with him, might would visit them thus  
And help sweep away obsolescence and its boss  
When from the enterprise hurtled in a chide  
And with him people were dubbed mad Xerox bona fide.  
Given the folks do the desire nurse and see the difference  
No care should be ministered the word game reference  
And would the first estate put reason to motion  
And stop hugging status quo to brandish 'n wield emotion  
And with our hearts the People would relish the drink of  
change  
Were it to come from the streets, the valleys or the  
mountain range  
Real change the dream  
And all would it flows like a stream  
Or drop down like some fruits  
Off trees with melodious sounds streaming from conduits  
Driving fruit flies insane  
To leave the place free of pain.

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## **Blood & Fire**

My pen wept  
And silently waited for the head of this nation  
To be swept  
And swept away by flood  
From the nation,  
Its tears and blood,  
The blood he has spilled,  
The blood my pen did bleed  
In stead of the suffering in this nation,  
Save the king's  
Who misery brings  
To deprive them of their own ration.

Like the eagle soaring high  
My pen spat fire  
To burn the king  
In hopes of the day of reckoning  
When power will return to the streets  
Where it belongs and not on sheets  
Altered at the king's guise  
For this sleazy disguise.

Today, lamenting over my people's plight  
News came to me my country tonight  
Bathes in blood and is on fire  
And by thoughts of extrication from the quagmire  
Carried away, I sat up to do justice  
To my people who've only borne injustice.  
So, I have to burn at midnight  
Its candle before going to bed tonight  
And hoping it brightens the warriors' path  
For laughs, smiles and jubilation as aftermath  
Of a struggle for freedom  
Which for years eluded the kingdom.



## **The Grass and the Beasts of this Earth**

Carry their morning  
Dew without pain  
And quietly sapping  
The ground without strain

The soothing green  
Grasses in the plain  
Must face the beasts' disdain,  
For the beasts of this earth as seen

Over the strength impaired  
Must have their triumph declared  
And at top of voices sing  
And treat all others worth nothing

In the fields where they stump  
Beating the dew as they would the scum  
Yet, the grass roots keep sapping  
Like a grassroots' poet tapping

Inspiration from around  
With his ears to the ground  
Striving to see them survive  
Even when they're set on fire live

They their ashes  
Like phoenix's crushes  
All hopes of never  
Seeing them flourish ever

And the beasts must in her dwell  
Whether or not they fare well  
Living one with another  
Always drawn together

Yet, one must dance their triumph  
And the other would fight for triumph  
In this world of inequity

With grass and poet dreaming of equality

## **Our Case**

Kill our earthly stars.  
What will you do to the heavenly ones?  
To protect yourself, grease the soldiers' beard.  
What shall you do when at your door death knocks?  
Bring us the Opposition in a coffin.  
But will you let us freely mourn?  
You kill our poets.  
Do you believe we will bury their writings?  
Bury yourself amidst a zillion soldiers.  
Haven't you learned from Chinese History?  
Like you, in China one did this.  
Did he not rot underground?  
You sum your world with Law and Order.  
Why let lawlessness and disorderliness reign?  
You are god to those who buy your favours.  
Who or what are you to those you strip of basic rights?  
Every night, you go to sleep on a king size bed.  
Why not make your heart the size of your bed?  
You ruin the nation to live in a mansion.  
What space in it or our minds do you occupy?  
You've dominated the nation tyrannically.  
Shall you ever be the tyrant that kills death?  
We thought to rule was to serve.  
Why must a tyrant like you be served?  
Now, to yourself, you've gathered the nation's wealth?  
Won't you give us the right to determine the future of our misery?  
You push your tyranny, your greed and grip on power to the last.  
Won't you still be proven wrong from beginning and end?  
You may never stand in front of any court to plead guilty.  
But which other criminal supersedes you?  
With your sentence as long as life,  
Shall you in your dead bed rule over us?  
You may never see this as a case.  
But, here, are we not free to rest our case?

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## **Before You Hang Me**

Hate or oppress me  
Hang or shoot me  
Burn or bury me...!

But before this twist  
Let me clench my fist  
Let me provide a gist:

Let me sing  
To the men and their king  
A song that like bee sting

Awakes them to the load  
Carried by us with a moral code  
Reduced like some toad

Cast with a spell  
Shut in a well  
With no story to tell.

Hearing my song  
They shall see what's wrong;  
Take the orders then for me to be wrung.

Shooting, hanging, wringing solve not the problem  
But attracts a boo for an anthem  
Leaving blood, fire and grief as their emblem.

As of stone they have made their hearts  
None will ever to them doff their hats  
But all will confirm they replicate rats.

Then and only then  
Smolder me, not my pen

With flames before I count ten.

Peacefully, I shall die  
Heartily, my spirit will fly  
Disgracefully, will the king comply.

I shall be death but not gone.  
The People shall have, with the king, done  
For prising from them their dawn.

## **Message Bearer to the Monster**

Old bottle old beer  
We are still and young  
And won't cup your beer  
Poisonously strong

Crime, your song in rhyme  
With which you make merry  
That we at our prime  
Won't embrace from you pixie

Murder, your act for might  
Does your ignominy crown  
And we will fight  
Till you are down

Police brutality, your shield  
Sends reports of many a killing  
And against it we stand in the field  
Till the harm stops breathing.

Crushing our rights, your daily chore  
Supper power support, you've got?  
Listen, we are resistant to the core  
And will never stoop to be treated like a sot

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Listen, we are resistant to the core  
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Your daily delight? A bottle of whisky!  
My mind! You won the game?  
We identify your voice, husky  
And only you will shoulder the blame

Blood spills on our streets, your shame  
Flood our towns and make us weep  
Yet, with arrogance you sing fame  
That is a cheap sweep.

New grave, new baby!  
The nation is reborn!  
Uplifting hearts happy!  
With the monster gone!

Gainsay no true say  
That's tribute to the resistance  
For having with a thread woven this day  
On which we downed the monster with brilliance!

## **Boxed in a Farm**

Forlorn in the field, at one end gazing at the ratoon  
The poor little boy had seen, only in his mind, a cartoon.

His seedlings fresh from the nursery in hand  
Up he looked at the sun declining west  
And reflected on what he thought best  
When from his curvature all day he did stand

In himself, the poor little planter  
A poet saw, not a potter  
As thoughts ran through his head  
With the world laughing at him instead

For in the clayey mud he stood  
Of which only a pot could turn out good

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And with his rattle head ghettoized in a box  
Never will he embrace the brains of a fox.  
Yet, there hopefully, his rice  
He planted and for the next sunrise  
Waited. His seeds spread in a kind of order  
And he the force of order  
Adorning a poetic license  
With words here and there to make sense  
Just where all see none in the mix  
Of clay and that which little fingers transfix

Through her.  
In a poem, look not far!  
For the poem is its fertilizer  
The boy's ratoon and transplants' fertilizer

Need  
For feed  
As his proem  
His liking lit for a Poem.

And that evening greeted the first sketch from his mind  
And all the oppression waived, he ne'er was blind!  
And he sees, draws and hears the beautiful sunset  
And listens to the music from his mind's trumpet.

In poetry, the poor little planter himself found  
And cheerful he homeward bound  
Freed from the farm box  
And away from the predator fox!

## **Dixeption**

Each time I listen to Nature  
I hear voices so mature  
And looking around, I see an alliance

Nature urges is a mesalliance  
I call an attempt to calm my agitated soul  
And calm, Nature, I let its course follow.

The Tyrant reigns supreme...  
In his delusional scheme  
Thinking, over his subjects, dominion

He has, when in death's opinion  
He's just another knave  
Thinking flirting the best way to behave.

The Tyrant may please himself  
And when death shows itself  
Might attempt distracting for doing its work

Death shall heed not and mock  
The camaraderie tyrants did with him contract  
And failed to spell out their aversion for the tract

Now, death at their door, they must go down  
Were it in the morning, no waiting for sundown  
The time is the time

Even when at the prime  
Of life itself, they must go with woe  
Having attracted many a foe

Peace with no restrain  
Must reign;  
A severe blow

Dealing to all tyrants here below  
Crushing and undermining Nature and Man  
Which all should reprimand

## **As I approach my grave**

As I approach my grave  
Holding firm to my flag of the brave  
And seeing all wanting to play save

I, the romantics remember  
They would, in their club, have had me member  
Not just to swell the number

But to Grace  
My place  
In the sacred race

Alas! They went  
Their wave didn't vent  
With the last of them bent

On flagging the metaphysics  
With no thoughts of physics,  
But the passing time in lyrics

To a container carrying remains  
Of what the time harried in his trains  
Rather the soul stimulating not just the brains

For this reasoning part dies  
While the emotional flies  
When the body in the grave lies

To him that approaches his grave

Refusing to be reason's slave  
Leaving emotion and fantasy to rave!

## **The Poet and the Human World**

The poet may of the tragic stock be  
Never will he of the greedy stock be  
He may out of choice a god worship  
Never will he cheer the deeds of a warship  
Songs calling the downfall of a tyrant he does tune  
But dirges to bury the tyrannised his entrails at noon  
Spew  
For all, not a few!  
The flaw of trusting his foible is  
The breach of trust from his love, his tragedy is.  
A poet is a poet  
Human and poet  
And a child though  
He of mud makes dough,  
In pain has one love  
In joy has one love  
In writing shares either pain and joy  
Or both for men with these toy  
Espousing the things of this world  
Far removed from his world.

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Far removed from his world.

## **To Grace Dethrone**

Up there, they always play  
We don't as such pray  
Here in the house  
King there, here mouse  
And in the middle  
Sounds the fiddle  
Invoking Bacchus  
Pushing all to bury the curse  
But for him in whom euphoria  
Dwells in the mind's utopia  
And he on this path treaded  
And by others discarded  
In his flight  
Bearing at heart the plight  
A pen in hand,  
Paper in hand  
With the one on the other birthing  
In Euphoria pure king  
And not excesses  
No one sees  
Without the subliminal journey  
Embarking  
And at the politicking barking  
Though all the sucker flea  
See  
None dares point out  
For fear of being wiped out  
By the kings' successes  
Feeding his excesses  
As they erect  
The Courts that correct

Mousy conducts  
That miss their docks.

## **The Walls of My Love**

The concrete walls of my love  
Are steel strong gluing my cove  
Unflinching to the flame of enmity that burns  
But do embrace a fiery passion that turns  
Any one hundred and eighty degrees  
With or without degrees  
To follow their heart  
And on their target land like a dart  
To their pounding heart still  
Cognisant another heart does theirs steal  
For barricaded by these love walls  
Not even a shelled volley their love stalls  
Stalling the freshness of love  
Needing neither perfumes nor a trough  
'Coz it is oxygen pure  
And does a thirst cure  
And like the Spring  
Does joy bring.

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## **The Last Word**

Politicians use words only to deceive.

Poets use words to enlighten and convince.

Soon after election forgotten are politicians' words.

Long after their death resonate poets' words.

For politicians the word sword is an armament.

For the poets, nothing but an ornament.

For politicians a word is a weapon of mass deception.

And for the poet, it is just a brush for mass decoration

The politicians' mouths like the barrel vomit words to  
kill

The poets spit words like the dragon spitting fire to still

Driving words to reach the heart like a spear

Or a sword reaching to kill lies politicians tell us here!

## **Poet's Heart's Desire**

Craving and praying for Peace  
He does believe in Peace  
Not just individual Peace  
But world Peace  
And wonders how it can be found  
Needing no trumpet to sound  
Needing no bark from a hound  
To leap on board and homeward bound  
Finding Peace streaming from conscience  
Needing no science  
Calling for lots of Patience  
But the interment of nascence.  
Gently guiding towards her  
He shows she is not far  
And that like a star  
Far from anything scar  
She does shine  
With rays so fine  
Like the sun's twilight's decline  
The Heart's desire's holy shrine.

## **The Grip on our Health**

Years now since we had the rain  
For years now we've had this pain  
When the rain came our way  
We sang, rain, rain go away  
For we hungered sunshine  
Who came and turned us blind  
And blind with our minds we see  
And would our sight remained at sea  
For rain, rain to come again  
And not drag our sights down the drain  
For we neither love pain  
Nor strain  
And I would all be pain free  
And freely fly like the bee  
For freedom is what we all seek  
And not oppression of which I am sick  
Grip not our health  
Poor rain for it brings no wealth.

## **Rhythm of the Lands**

Otherness, the song others sing  
Knowing trouble it will bring,  
Steals and kills man's greatest desire  
With unrest shooting up in a spire  
And in a mire left  
With no choice of right or left.  
Yet, every Nation has a heart  
And even those like ragged mat  
Trampled upon with great motion  
Need rekindling with oration;  
Lying on its ground  
Listening to its sound  
Beat like a heart!  
No, it is really a heart!  
That of a Nation for its people  
Low, low down to earth needing no steeple  
But just one thing: an ear  
To do just one thing: listen to hear!  
Its music, rhythmical  
Its rhythm, musical  
Where the steeple with its belfry  
Blurs minds like clouds do the sky  
On her leaving a rumple  
With Nations' heart drumming the trouble.

## **Song Number 13**

I listened to the song and knew it wasn't twist  
And pondered and pondered as a linguist  
And asked a question  
Seeking satisfaction:  
Bona, the musician's name was  
So, good, I did find it was  
And in his first name Richard I found rich  
And my dead wish all were rich  
Yet, in his drumbeat I found  
Good and rich exceeding no bound;  
Just song number 13  
Not Friday the 13  
Elatingly rich spiritually  
Latinly elating intellectually.

The tropical singer does sing  
Quest not to know what he does sing  
For the beats of his drum  
The heart of this world pump  
And feeling the heart beat  
A melody sweet like sugar beet  
The dancers enthrals  
And the heavy footed appals!

Beat drumbeat, pump the heart,  
Turn out warmth like the hearth  
And off the stage sweep the bald  
Seeking rule with their ribald  
And let your beat tell me the plight of man  
Drained in loving all he can.

## **Tears for Peace and Love**

Passions, humans do express in ways different  
Some positions totally indifferent  
Some in the aquarium, the gold fish  
Freedom deprive and others in their plates relish!

From within my soul I caged a bird  
A bird I caged from birth  
Making it my everything  
When the world turn around to nothing!

Chased out of the window is the dove!  
And the tears from my eyes sing for Peace and Love  
And query what is to this world left, if the poet  
His voice loses and sings not his part in the duet?

Let the tears roll down the cheeks  
Let them roll to fill all the creeks  
With the poet's natural glove  
He wears for mankind to find that grove.  
Being all poets let's head for the dove  
And bring him home, with our heads up above  
Up above the mire of blood they would we drowned  
In. Poets do ignominy drag down! Down, down, down!

## **Dulcet**

Like a gentle breeze the music caresses  
Human hearts with the softness of fleece  
Leaving humans nodding agreeably  
Seeing the leaves play the music joyfully  
Bringing home the perfumes from lands  
Far, far away through which smells to those lands  
Transported we are  
And thus can see no land is far  
For the mind's eye has everything near  
And no distant sound away from the ear  
And no sweetness of love untasted  
Not already tasted  
For our everything,  
When all is left with nothing  
'N by rogues shattered a piece,  
Is any dulcet piece.

## **Travelling on the Spot**

Digging and digging they found the rising sun  
Through my window I went to the rising sun  
On the spot sitting,  
Fun loving, fun riding.  
The day. Bright and sunny.  
And from my brother Sunny  
And Queen Irene  
Comes a ring  
That spurns such a laugh  
That for centuries none ever did have;  
Thinking myself a poet  
These two point out as would any poet  
This rare gem with which we are gifted:  
Travelling the world round on the spot seated  
With our vocabulary knowing no take off  
And never in our journey walking off  
And days and days after, I still hear the French  
Sweet, smooth and caressing with no cheesy stench:  
"Seul homme du monde habileté  
A voyager sans jamais décoller."  
And it sparked and still does laugh

Laugh, laugh

As S & I my day brightened  
The laughs my days lengthened  
And true to my poetic vocation  
Never shall I take off for vacation  
To feast my eyes on things I freely see  
Having no need to voyage across the sea.  
Sunny keep shining and brightening  
So in our circle we won't break the ring.



## **Hearing The Voiceless**

In spite of this gripping quiet and blackness surrounding,  
This special melodic, rhythmical sound emerging from  
within

Defies human description and scrutiny  
And hints on the overwhelming importance

The overwhelming importance

Of the connection

The connection

Of the Inner Voice

And the voiceless, their voice

Within telling their travail,

Hopes and aspirations shall prevail

In the like this melody is savoured

And thankfully hearing this sound I am favoured!

## TRANSPARENCY

White  
Paper sheet  
As you gave opaque pen  
One kiss  
Worse than  
Night  
Fall  
Your plain's defined  
None dreams a grain  
Nor loss again  
Impregnated ye carry  
Words  
To turn out  
Machine gun-like, pout  
Horror for Head  
And  
Lullaby for the un  
I beam with joy  
Like a loving guy  
Who gleams his gun  
To the head pointed;  
With them brush in hand  
To painting  
The guy subversive king.

## **May Be In A Dream**

I don't think  
I don't drink  
Just about to pen opposites  
Whence Walcott hurtled in with "Negatives"  
I stammered  
With his voicing in them hit – la!  
He and him are down in History  
And we have at least a story;  
The one in the military  
The other in the literary  
And I bow to the literate,  
His militancy not the military illiterate  
Against literacy  
Driving him with arms crazy  
Giving an amount of nous  
To name them .... God knows!  
Both militate  
One destroys, the other creates.

## THE SEINE BY NIGHT

[*A Regular Visitor P(un)der(s)*]

Plodding down  
Pondering dawn,  
Halt or glide smoothly  
Leaving the homeless lonely?  
Oh, Liberty!  
Sweet liberty!  
Were you not Faustus'  
Queen in parade  
Magicking away in raid  
In maze letting us  
No, the profane  
Would, France had another fame  
And she is your country  
Country of Liberty  
And to you married  
When she in her have you buried  
And I see you in parade  
Like the French military in parade  
To give true meaning to come  
To that which you have become  
And I continue my song  
When liberty is unsung  
    Oh,     Freedom  
        Freedom  
        Freedom  
    Oh,     Freedom fighters  
May you be born again for us  
To have eighty-nine more years  
And sing thy sweet name  
With all the joys and no pain  
And be glad you live Liberty!  
    And that you are not a scarce commodity!

## CARTRIDGES

Papers' filigrees  
From my nip trickling  
Hail filibuster;  
Were silence golden  
To sleep sea would  
Plop  
Words cajoling ears,  
Caressing hearts,  
Embroidering desires'  
Quest  
To ignite conquest....  
Bleeding from black over white.

## **The Seer**

He needs no beer  
For he is a seer  
And might look and act like a sheep  
But is he who never goes to sleep  
And knows no difference between  
The passing and passed time twin  
Brothers. Bridging the gap for workman,  
Giving a good shake to the foreman,  
Mastering the here and now,  
Mastering the hereafter  
And constantly tuned to midnight  
For the spirit to come spark his light  
To pierce through even the thickest cloud  
And fill with grout not doubt  
The shaky foundations  
On which sit many nations  
In a world so worldless  
With human caring less  
For the advent of the universe  
And even more so for rhymed or unrhymed verse.

Yet,

Yes!

In his blood

In his thoughts

In his walks

In his rest

At his best

And even in his snooze

With some booze

He handles the torch

That will never scorch

But with it streams his hopeful ray

Beyond humanity growing grey.

And always on the path of the inner light finds his strength

Keenly listening to the inner voice and at length

Translating these words onto paper

For people to savour in theatres before dinner.

## **Heart and tongue**

The poet is the eye!  
The poet is the ear!  
The poet is the nose!  
The poet is the tongue!  
The poet is the heart!  
The poet is the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth senses!  
That of the suffering poor!

Need he the eyes to see the entrails of their suffering?  
Need he the ear to hear their lamentations and growling?  
Need he a nose to smell the stench of the political mishmash?  
Certainly not. but he sure does a heart need for those in the marsh  
Abandoned for in his heart, he has eyes, ears, and nose planted  
And sure he does for the voiceless need one articulated  
Tongue  
That resonates and like a gong  
To bring them together  
Using the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth senses better.

## **The Transporter**

The train of life stops here  
The train of life goes there  
Stop here or go there brings with it  
Some memory, sad or joyous be it.

The transporter carries with him hope  
But dashes it soon down the slope  
Putting on the faces of many a smile  
And in the end, pushing them to sigh.

Having brought joys and hopes at my conception  
And being here in this situation,  
One ask when again will the train stop here  
And were one to know, would that be fair?

Alas! He will come with his cold, cold hands  
And force hair to stand in strands  
For life will be forever still were this not the case  
And so this train, we can't chase.

Welcome the train of joy,  
Unwelcome the train that destroy,  
Recycling life being his mission  
For which he needs no human permission.

Tell me when the train comes in today,  
I will tell you what all will say:  
Some will the mystery of creation celebrate  
And some will that same mystery ending the voyage hate.

Either way, things are never the same.  
The welcoming party scores a win in the game  
And the farewell bidding party will endorse  
A great loss carted home by a horse!



So does the train from door to door go round  
And so is the fate of Man bound  
Over the moon in happiness  
And down, down under in sadness

When this happens we can't help but ask  
Why we can't chop him with an axe.  
But the clever and invisible train  
Has no business with enduring pain.

## **Where we differ.**

To right the wrong  
For rights we fight  
And they fight for might  
To show they're strong.

To please the mind we sing  
And soothe the soul  
And they care less for any poor soul  
And to rabble to rouse mankind, their thing.

To have people dance  
And share their joy we stand  
And they would all like flies were on sand  
For them to cast a mocking glance.

We would the earth of milk and honey  
Flow  
And they would a blow  
On its face slap with money.

The poor we cherish  
And provide for  
These they would for  
Their might die in a ditch.

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The poor we cherish  
And provide for  
These they would for  
Their might die in a ditch.

To give a piece of cake  
And help all find some peace  
We would and they would all went apiece  
And wished all at their sight quake.

We stand never, never to laugh,  
Laugh at any for being indigent  
Here, they find a spicy ingredient  
To haughtily scuff.

We, our joy, derive from simplicity,  
Gentleness, kindness and thoughtfulness  
They're quick to get theirs from madness birthing sadness  
And would gladly encourage a cult of personality

Where we vouch for moderation as fundamental  
And would it the pillar on which leans our ism  
Without duplicity they embrace extremism  
And vouch it is the most essential.

When humanity against itself turn  
We strife to put on her face, a smile  
They would they told the world we're senile  
And would in turn send us to the journey of no return.

Where we burn with zeal  
And would freedom reign  
They would the nation their domain  
And with us they'd make their meal of veal

Here we would you choose  
And freedom advocate  
And they would they dictate  
And will never let you loose

After you've finished reading these lines  
You could choose where to belong  
And we would tell you it won't be long  
Before they put you behind enemy lines.

This is how we differ  
For neither you nor I can refute  
Though we all know the flute  
Can tune our world finer!

## **The Scum B...!**

In the years of yore we had commandments  
Our visitors assumed in the dark we lived our moments  
And thought it wise to sum theirs in just ten  
And believed us ignorant for we wrote not with a pen

Yet, like cats we lived in the dark by them  
With sight and insight that of gem  
They were not made  
And away stayed from their bait

In perfect harmony living with our environment  
And embracing and turning her virescent  
With non-violence our norm dogmatized  
By their obsolescence destabilized

And not blind saw we them back all in this good book  
And not blind still, noted we, them of the stock of crook  
Readily turning forebears into bones  
And did these use as building stones

Having the foundation with their bones laid  
And with the sweat and blood of the old their fortune  
made  
And we patiently their good sense questioned  
And the defenders wouldn't the like be mentioned

Peering through the soil we find it is rich in nitrate  
And looking around, we see so much hatred  
And now we understand the nitrate from sweat came  
The sweat and blood of forebears their badge of shame

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The Sweat and the Blood fed crops on the land  
That on riches did them land  
And we the stain that be on their robes  
Visible and hanging the like of lobes

Our lives unspiced with such condiments  
As would the commandments  
Not to steal from thy neighbour  
Sing of our travail and labour

Showing its hump the like of a whale  
Just as on their coasts, did the ships with human bale  
Legating the indelible scar  
That forever blackens the star

Yet, we being true warriors, our personal history cancel  
And would the victors' be revisited in council  
For true love, peace and harmony to reign  
With crops neither by blood nor sweat fed but by rain.

## Haunting Past

These trees on this land have fed for generations  
And their leaves would not negate adorations  
Were it to revert to the darker side of the history  
And face up to the engendered misery

Reparation is the word most did and do fear  
And stolen wealth, the dress they did and do wear  
They might not have been the thieves themselves  
But did inherit all the thieves had on their shelves.

If legating the ignominy of a hangman  
Haunts you, then seek to be a best man  
To him that a bride waits down the aisle as a groom  
To bury the haunting shadow to be of gloom

And many a man feeding on the dregs of shame  
And attempting to stay free of blame and claim  
Would refuse to acknowledge  
The disinherited sitting on society's edge

And more, they who inherit from highway  
Men refute they never did rob on the highway;  
Denial none needs  
But admittance of ancestral deeds

And if not, possible return of stolen goods  
When on their shoulders deeds of yore be their roods  
And only restoration and reparation  
Would efface History

Negating responsibility for parents past  
Brings home rejection of inheritance at last  
So, the claims laid  
For misdeeds need be paid.

## **Hands and Heart**

With both hands and heart stretched out,  
Life you say is complex,  
My vision you style simplistic!  
Yet, I am glad!

Glad to have known U

A second  
Glad to be Abel,  
To handle a pencil,  
To scribble Poe-

[Try]

And all reckon I did try  
And with no eyes  
My heart bleeds tears  
With both hands and heart still stretched out!



## **Beyond Desire**

In you, my dove I did find  
And to you myself I would bind  
Seeing you fly away  
Over and above a Jay  
Flying like the smoke you puff away,  
My dove

My luv

I would...

I would make you...!

No! How can I?

I see

I see you are....

Yes! No doubts, far, far above

Above Nerval's "Aurelia"

And like Gerald

How can I dine?

I am mad....

Mad?

Yes!

In El Oh! Vee Ee!

One for U

Refuge of my senses,

One for me,

The quintessence

Of that honey bee U tee which enlivens

Many a manly poet to hug his pen

And caress his sheets

In search of you

Making a glimpse of you

Rarity number one

Where my innermost would you my number one...!

## **Fool Not Thyself**

Live thy truth overtly  
And only then can life wholly  
Be! When of secrets thou thy life  
Make, thou trickest none  
But the mass thou hast known  
All thy life!

Live a life

And let the life

With and in thee

Live...!

## **Tickle Their Minds**

Tickle their minds for just one minute  
Setting them to realms of the spirit  
And let thy madding music  
The music that soothes them mystic  
And thy shadow a perfect conduit

A perfect one for a frantic quest  
For that which intrigues all west  
Making for them a nest  
In earnest  
They all desire for their rest...!

## WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

What does it matter  
Taking me for the shadow of matter  
Or myself  
When in life no elf  
Came to show the world that which I am:  
A heart that would never pick up an arm?  
How does it change the order,  
The order of things past, present or  
Even the advent of the universe  
Penning a verse?  
What & where is life?  
Is it this stupid jive?  
Is it shitty,  
Iffy  
?

Hic et nunc,  
Life is sapid!  
And we must sip it!  
And we must zip it!  
And that's life  
For which all should strife!

Like all the others  
We are having a lay over  
With no thoughts  
Of a hang over  
Come tomorrow  
But of a stronger marrow  
And the clock ticks  
Like drips from licks  
And all we aspire  
Discarding the mire  
Is none but a better  
Greasy morrow with butter  
To butter whose bread,  
When the dire need for children is seen as a threat?

## **STRONG, STRONG WEAK**

Too strong at picking up a gun  
And weak, weak, weak at lifting a pen  
He like a pendulum swings his forte  
And points him at poor little weak Billy  
Poor little weak Billy from the foothill  
That hosts the colourful anthill  
Which in his youth led and won  
Him wars against uphill Bully the gun  
Carrier.

Too strong, strong at picking up a pen  
And uphill Bully only see in him  
Nothing but Job

Grabber

Job

Reincarnated!

## **Commemoration**

Looking at clouds  
Cluster in moulds  
And sail in sky  
Grooms brain spy  
To image  
Man's voyage  
Along whose courses  
He fight for causes  
To destinations  
Unknown with no solutions  
To his utter bewilderment  
Crystallising the quest for the fate of great men  
Who sojourned  
And journeyed along  
Unnoticed to macrocosm  
But to microcosm;  
Should one think and know

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But to microcosm;  
Should one think and know

One unknow\_—  
Able, mystery will become  
Placeless in every lexicon...  
You may ask why  
Such silly thought...? Why?  
Simple my response:  
Ages before I was,  
By the first war  
Who shook the world  
My sun rose,  
By the third's eve, off he dosed.  
None saw the sunshine,  
I felt it's warmth in mind.  
And same date  
As today, with no date,  
News came my key was lost.  
It was not dusk  
With abandon, I  
Pondered why...!  
The absence,  
A tree's that in essence,  
Constitutes in itself  
A forest and falls off.  
Walking pass through,  
I realised 'twas true  
All left was artificial  
And nothing natural;  
None ever laughed again  
But showed their teeth, the laughter, maimed.  
Should your sun precious set,  
May I ask... my thought  
That stupid  
Or the journey worth starting?  
It marked not the end of things  
Though overturned many things:  
Solitude ignited same Friday  
And today, Tuesday  
Would precious mark own end  
Before my journey's end  
For people to look at Biography  
Cautioning peace  
In Peace  
Nursing the import of History.

## **The Messenger**

Little bee  
When thou buzz  
Would thou  
In the ears  
Of the dead;

Wake them from sleep  
To come tell us  
Of our Mothers:

Were they these  
Buzzards in skirts?

And would for them  
Little bee drive them

With thy magic  
    Music  
Take them away from the weak;

These weak preys  
With graceless praise  
Warranting buzzards' life

As they drop out of life

Buzz thy music  
Till they top the peak!  
Little,  
Little Bee !



## I WONDER

Why not ten poems  
A day in Paris?  
Was the interrogation!  
I would I could fifty  
In an hour  
Were I not to spend  
That running to catch  
The bus  
The subway  
For my job  
The course  
And grab a sandwich  
For a bite...!!  
So goes life in Paris  
And so are the fifty  
Per hour poems gone!  
Poems I would  
Twelve hundred have done  
A day  
Lie buried in this CT  
Not the woods in her backyard of yesteryears  
Up the Hills of Montmorency  
Where centuries ago  
Rousseau  
Birthed the *Contract*  
That engineered the Revolution  
That killed the *Contract*  
At full revolution  
Leaving the streets of Paris  
With poems littered  
The range of which stretch so far to the grange:  
From the gloomy frown in the subway  
To the half gloomy grin on the passage way  
Such dazzles as would revive Chaucer's May  
Stun as to why all Parisians aren't poets...!

## **The Voice Of A Resting Soul**

When I accepted death my son  
You were too poor son  
Too poor to offer a drink  
Those who clustered around the thing  
I'd become; one for the deeps  
Or one ready to sail in the sea like ships!  
You placed in my hands  
To take down to my New Hammock  
Two sheets with your mind  
In them reading that hyper lucidity  
Which stopped people from straining  
For my parting after my part playing  
And leaving for the young theirs  
And I did then acknowledge  
Taking cognizance and full knowledge  
Of thy plainness of heart  
Of the love you did all thy  
Span in mine conceal  
To give you nothing but this seal  
And through it you shall yourself  
Humble till the day the self  
Gets much of that world and say:  
"For that I did enjoy and (h)ate, I must pay."

I loved telling you stories  
You loved them and read histories  
Of this land to which I now belong  
From the time church bells tolled: "ding dong"  
Inviting me to saying, in spite of your wishes, "quit"  
And you did respond with a saucy word: "shit"  
Before admitting good believers (Christians)  
Must their mouth shot, maintain  
That silence needed by a sleeping man  
Especially one like me, in his eternal sleep found!  
Taking along my tongue of a teller  
I leave you a pen and the soul for a thinker

To set the brains and thoughts  
Of gods in Ivory Towers  
Flying above like clouds.

Mark! Humble  
Your humble self; fish no trouble  
Till you your invitation accept  
For people to chant you your excerpts  
As lullaby  
For you are gone by  
You shall love  
And love  
And love your mission  
Without concealing your passion  
For penning panegyrics  
Which like aesthetics  
Multiply beauty  
Which with its lovely  
Caresses smoothens the gentle passing  
Like that song we chanted marching  
Down the street!

## **In Search For It**

Just a blank sheet of paper  
It was never taught, my clock.  
Green was its music  
For its sake, my clock  
The pendulum music  
Played better.  
Its own sound unforgotten,  
Dancing but the pendulum tune.

Turning, search I it in the sheets.  
Yet, coming it is never.  
Return to myself will tarnish all  
But Helens say, "return to yourself, farm it ever."  
In the cave's under walls  
                    Of what use is it?  
Wisdom runs towards our roost.  
Chased, hunted and hunting we it find most...!

## **Biography**

This child that was  
The man that is  
The scribe that will be  
The tomorrow's laureate  
Looked into the childhood world  
The world of adulthood  
With surprise and hope  
All brought to pass in futility  
Through K'cracy;  
The turbulence of trees  
In the storm  
Summarizing life  
In which all we need is  
Pray in peace  
For peace  
And if neither can,  
Do one for another !

## **Mitigation (*Plea by a marooned Pen*).**

Blessed Poet  
Spare that soul  
Whose ignorance  
In the gutter  
Me sent idling,  
That rich poor soul !

Ye rescued me  
And with me  
Bury him not  
Nor in pen, put  
Him not like  
Would gaolers.....

With thee, in sooth  
Would, I pen poems  
Slaying not  
That poor rich!

Creator poet,  
I acknowledge  
Thee creator;  
For that wisdom,  
Work up minds  
Pensively fine!

## **The Dirge**

The child I was, heard one chanted.  
Its thrill to my father I repeated.  
Hailed him its nicety,  
Frowned he at my naivety  
And his face wrinkled for my poor timing  
And my mouth hurried to question:  
Why? "You shall know!" did  
My mouth seal  
And today I would I sing  
One  
On seeing autocracy buried;  
His spectre like my late father's  
Hushed me for my trembling mouth  
To sing autocracy is there  
And not autocracy is dead,  
This, his expectation from song-makers;  
Panegyric, his gluing sticker.

## **Autobiography**

Mutism,  
My garb  
All my life,  
Wore out  
For me to shout:

‘I am’

But my inner man,

My brother  
Glimpse in me  
In this century  
Of the Isms

A drum beater.

Socrates’ me  
Should be the most dreaded  
Yet, my palms’ blisters,  
My drums’ sounds  
And the souls pleasure  
Maintain SIMA’s face....



## **Urbane Urchin**

Mosquitoes' mutiny  
A song so tiny  
Like a new born child  
With no dour print of chide  
But admiration  
Causing no motion  
Though it trekked, no groped  
Through the uric road  
Prickling throats for a toast  
As parents of the dolt boast,  
Till in action, his sting  
Clutches them to spring  
With cacophonic sighs  
For noosing heads in melodious sound;  
Blinked. From their thighs,  
To his knees fell on the ground....

## **Optimists**

With gloom  
The only bloom  
Keep this broom  
As a groom  
Wearing a smile  
To screen the pile  
That makes the pyre  
For faithfuls to cluster round, with a lyre  
Playing to uplift hearts  
Musing "all was not hard."  
Though her face was all warts  
Burying her smile in a ward.

Darkness must not rule.  
The West, sun's grave should.  
Keep ye this basic truth,

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With thou,  
Quest only the upper part  
With its affluence  
Not the lower with all scarce  
Even when thou art there  
Dream and claim thou were elsewhere  
And thou would be, with a panegyric, lauded  
Like god of good humour  
Though thou seest grievously no armour;  
Such, thou art the good sample optimist,  
Yet, thy shadow follows and persists  
And thou shall forever insist  
O, optimists  
Plod along the mist....

## **The Triad**

Whenever death plugs off some feathers  
From the wings of life, even fathers  
Fall their heads and cry  
And the poet will hurry to their tears dry

When life makes a mockery of man  
And he contemplates life with a reprimand  
The poet dashes forward with words of wisdom  
To remind man of the solace of the other kingdom

Death, Life and the Poet  
A triad make  
Death and Life two sides of a coin make  
And the coin owned by the poet

Whose chimes in life echo his death  
And so does his death in this life mark his birth!  
The one recalls the world treating him like dross  
And the other brings home to bear a great loss

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Of one so lucid  
And able to taste the insipid  
Where all found a great taste  
And above all could gold get from waste

And himself, treated like it  
And with courage braved it  
To recount the uselessness of all fight  
By embracing and marrying flight

When others need a plane  
To fly to Cervantes' Spain  
He on the spot goes the world round  
Like a child on merry-go-round

And round, life is a cycle  
And round in a circle  
Humans dance to a maddened tune  
Except the poet who unearths the dune

Letting no pen lie  
And using it to spew the truth till we die  
And letting the dove bring home the Olive  
Branch, accomplishing why poets live.

## **The Great Journey**

Getting ready for the homeward journey  
Let's all remember life's as sweet as honey  
And our ultimate end money can't buy  
And when he shows up we must bid goodbye

X would he could change  
His fate with a challenge  
To the inscription in the book of destiny  
By asking: "... why hast thou forsaken me?"

Of one so lucid  
And able to taste the insipid  
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When my time comes and I bid farewell  
To all the earthly tidings I enjoyed well  
Let me go with memories so joyful  
And let not your tears fill my grave full.

Here I know no grief  
After a life not so brief  
Though with me carrying one regret  
I would in this advent all forget;

The lines of the muse's visitations  
I did forfeit for relaxations  
And those poems never born  
Accounts for the 'gret I borne!

Those unborn lines are written in the book of destiny  
As those never to make the journey  
To you. So, why make a fuss  
For what steals nothing off your purse?

Smile! Laugh and jolly make  
As you for my birthdays enjoyed the cake  
And celebrating all these years my birth  
Must have tickled minds for my death.

So, let me in this grave of mine lie  
And remember true poets never die  
Were all to remain faithful  
That which from you your poet pull

Home to rest  
And at worst putting you to test  
My parting will from you welcome a chance  
And read not you in it any mischance.

Adieu!  
Adieu!  
And to the crown be glory  
For with it there is no history.

## Thinking Freedom

When birds fly 'coz they're free  
What a delight to see?  
When away from the hunter flying,  
How heart wrenching?

Like freedom birds flying, poets  
Come up with the loveliest duets  
But the audience so embroiled,  
Embroiled in the daily toil  
By one class imposed  
Is hardly disposed  
To enjoying this gift  
Of the Heart  
Intended to lift  
Up their heart.

Freedom poets, keep the tune alive  
For the toil is the fuel of your life  
Were it to be the path to your grave;  
How else can we know you're grave?



## **The Pungent Staple**

Stumbling here and there on Chaucer's godly apple  
I would none made it their staple  
For, this has pushed my people to grub  
'Coz National cash crop  
Reliance does corrupt  
And all including the bodiless head want it abrupt  
And angry Jack hearing his time was up  
Delightfully, after breakfast, gave up,  
Giving up the ghost  
To follow the path laid by his host;  
He lay down and with satisfaction  
Thanked the host for guiding him to this law abiding nation  
And seeing others fuss about this shift  
I could not but hail the lift  
To this kingdom of believers' aspiration  
Giving me this inspiration  
To doff me hat to a hero so rare  
To have embraced the icy coldness of the hereafter without fear  
And I wish I owned a gun  
To salute him for having gone,  
Doing this with a pen  
And far from that nation, away I stay from the pen  
And pray in the freeze, Jack  
His revulsion intones like a lark  
And melodiously feeds our ears  
So my people can take up to stamping out the sears.

## **Help for the President**

Going to war with the courage of a lion,  
Building a wall of opposition around this nation  
In which blind greed and distemper  
Has so affected that national father  
Driving him into a mad rage  
To turning against his own page  
And subjects, he with his hands  
Shreds them in strands  
Setting in fear  
As a mask to his rear.

Mr President needs help not a spear  
And if so, it would be that which poets use to sear  
And stain mark a paper  
To bring about the deeper  
Cleansing needed by any mad father of a nation  
Whose aspiration is rule for a generation.

## **On the Coming Time**

Whirling time in the hope away it flies  
The gap closes into adulthood and it multiplies  
Time passed never went anywhere  
The time to come is always there  
Just as dead men never went anywhere.  
They have always been here.  
Death and dying  
Life and living  
Their grip on man has  
Just as man his on them has  
When man gets the best of life  
At his death the best of man's life  
Join the pages of history  
Unfolding a mystery,  
    One to be told  
    Or left in the cold....

    Life and living  
    Rhymes with Death and dying  
    For life will no longer be life  
Were men to slay the transition to eternal life.

And were man's plight to live and die  
    Let me have that piece of pie,  
    And give me it with a smile  
When readying the cremation under the pile  
    Or when digging me grave  
    Tell the knave the story of a brave.

## **The wealth of Clouds' Voyage (Baby Understanding)**

Looking up in the sky  
A baby greeted the clouds voyaging high  
And having no doubts,  
He wished to confirm his thoughts  
Of a journey to the end of the world,  
A beautiful journey striking the chord,  
The chord of a lyre  
Stringing against the big fat liar  
And a reminder of the order of things  
That the movement of the clouds brings  
And recalling the experiences of the Little Prince,  
His Knowledge let him not prentice  
In the school of adult babble  
Where, with meanings, he will be left to dabble.  
In quest of man's creativity,  
In vain, he helpfully recalls man his nativity  
And wondered how these happen  
And whether it would, were man to keep pushing his pen.

## **ANIMISTS 2 PRAY!**

Perch not on that dome  
Bird of Wisdom  
Bird of Freedom;  
Fly to our kingdom....  
Come along with a scone....

Come, Come dry our watery

Mouths and make starry  
The bleak sombre scary  
Sky whose extraordinary

Wisdom generates misery...!

Leave us not behind

Leave none in a bind

And by the hand take the blind

And translate the wicked kind

With all on the path of thy mind!

A  
N  
D

Let  
It  
Be  
!

## LET US DREAM

Be it Spring, Summer,  
Autumn or Winter,  
The rainy or the dry seasons  
Allow these images colouring your screens  
Flocking in from the Near East,  
The Far East,  
Africa and beyond  
Resurrect a conundrum  
In the child in you to questing

What if...!

We took our comedy away  
Far, far away  
From Dante's  
Making her humane  
Having humans with humans  
Playing  
Not with each other's sentiments  
Nor with one and others' life,  
Will tragedy then  
Not be divine...?

Dream on child...!

## **The Poets' See, Saw**

Poets delight not in seesaw  
But all pains they see they saw  
The only way to our society keep sane  
In this world where the drive is gloriously vain  
Quest for an illusion not concrete happiness  
Pricking life like a thorn to turn to nothingness,  
Nothingness for the head that rules  
Ruthlessly thinking we were fools  
When our dreams of happiness they should grace  
So we shall happily follow their trace  
Yet, poets must the pains see and saw  
Not merry make on a seesaw.

## **Word Power: Dilly**

Wielding his power, the ignorant head would spue  
Volleys out of the cannons and in his thinking knew  
They would command great respect hither  
And not into abhorrence slither  
And would they supersede  
Poets' simpler words that recede  
Into the depths of human emotion  
And always tickle the imagination  
Spurring not only war, fright and sadness  
But Peace, Love and Happiness,  
Flowing from the milky river whose spring  
Is the poets' Heart making all smiling  
'N keeping the word alive and weighting it over  
The volleys in slumber.

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A literary monument erected by a poet for poets with a vision for poetry as a special annunciation and the poet as a seer, spokesperson, recorder, analyst, adjudicator and advocate with poetic vision and poetic understanding. Bill Ndi, the poet has the rare gift of slipping into the self and psyche of his society to empty the dark depths where the treasures of burden and sadness are hidden. He empties and exposes them to the world to see how even personal repression of feelings by far outweighs those imposed throughout History by tyrants. It is above all, his greatest task of filling these depths with the joys and expectations of the society. This objective stance by the poet places him above the fanatic whose subjectivity pushes the world adrift and makes of the poet a universal man of peace.

*“Bill’s poetic vision is deeply political, with a determination to retain a sense of the power and freshness of innocence – the possibility, indeed, of a higher form of innocence and freshness of vision, of a kind which need not necessarily die with the onset of knowledge and adult understanding. Bill’s poetry suggest a strong influence (though in verse that is altogether modern, experimental in form, socially well-informed, culturally inclusive in an extraordinary measure and thoroughly politically open-eyed) of the early phase of English Romanticism, Wordsworth’s Lyrical Ballads and indeed, the Immortality ode.”*

**- Professor Michael Meehan, Critique and Novelist, Deakin University, Melbourne, Australia**

Bill F. NDI, poet, playwright & storyteller was born in Bamunka-Ndop, Cameroon and educated at GBHS Bamenda & Essos, the University of Yaoundé, Nigeria: ABSU, Paris: ISIT, the Sorbonne, Paris VIII & UCP where he obtained his PhD in Languages, Literatures and Contemporary Civilisations. He has held teaching positions at the Paris School of Languages, USC, UQ and currently teaches in Media, Communication and Literary Studies at Deakin University, Melbourne, Australia. He is author of *K’cracy*, *Trees in the Storm and Other Poems*, published 2008.



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